

Good Morning

S18

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

AS IT'S SUNDAY:—

Here's an "Olive Branch"
for A.B. Stoker John Richer



OUR reporter found your nephew, Rex, very cock-a-horse, but waving a leafy branch—so here he is. The river just keeps rolling along—just as usual right outside your home, John. And on the river bank is where we found your mother and sisters reading a letter from you which the postman had just left (July 20).

Of course they are ever so pleased to hear from you. Here's some items of home news. Vic has a heavy sugar beet crop, much earlier than usual. Says he could do with your help with this.

Pat heard from Dan last week—says he's very busy and having a lively time with the Eighth Army.

Your pal Fred Moore has arrived in North Africa. By the way, most of your boxing pals have joined up and, like cousin Dan, "very busy."

At last, after more than a year, news has just come along that your cousin, Leonard Howe, is a prisoner of war—

a letter from him came last week.

You asked in letter about nephew Rex—he's fine, and for a 16-months-old chap quite a tough lad. But see for yourself!

Your sister Pat says he will certainly follow uncle (that's you) and be a boxer.

Just lately most of his time is taken up looting the gooseberries.

Your sister Betty says you are away too much to be useful as an uncle—it seems Rex is proving just as much a handful as you were at his age.

And here's a message from your mother. She sends her love to you and all are hoping to see you soon. She hopes your football and boxing of pre-war days has toughened you for this sterner sort of "scrapping!"

Your Aunt Kitty from London is staying here (your mother's) and enjoying herself in spite of the scarcity of "bricks and mortar"—well, you know what a quiet spot your home is.

IN a previous number we gave quotations from some of the world's greatest thinkers on the Fight for Freedom which has persisted throughout the ages, and is raging in what we hope will be the final round of the battle.

Here are a few more. They all voice the same desire of mankind for liberty, although spoken in varying generations and conditions.

THE crimes of history may be summed up in the words—abuse of power.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

The basis of our governments being the opinion of the people, the very first object should be

to keep that right; and were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter.—Thomas Jefferson.

To argue against any breach of liberty from the ill-use that may be made of it, is to argue against liberty itself, since all is capable of being abused.—Lord Lyttelton.

The social problem of the future we consider to be, how to unite the greatest possible individual liberty of action with a common ownership in the raw material of the globe, and an equal participation in

Beneath the Surface

With AL MALE

Mountains will be in labour, the birth will be a single laughable mouse.

THIS almost reminds one of these much-boasted conferences which are to produce world-shattering and universe-reforming plans, but usually end in recommendations for other sub-conferences to ponder over, then hand to sub-sub-committees to sleep on, finally to offer a weary public a thousand-page book of confusion. And yet, those words were not written yesterday.

They were written a mere two thousand years ago. You know, in spite of all the assertions made by people, that we've advanced this way and that, or we've declined so far, things are actually just the same fundamentally as they were, well, in Adam's days.

SAME AS EVER.

Human problems and weakness haven't altered one scrap, and the more you delve into the sayings of old scholars and philosophers, the more you are forced to admit that life, or the

problems of life, are unchanging. Can you bear with me to glance at a few?

"Oh, imitators, you slavish herd."

I, personally, immediately think of the young ladies who strive to ape film stars, with the result that there are millions of "near misses" and a mass of cosmetic masks, most of which could be labelled "Vacant" . . . individuality is so well concealed that it hardly seems worth one's time to see if any exists.

Again:—
"If you wish to draw tears from me, you must first feel pain yourself."

Can anyone who has not known hardship or suffering have any real sympathy for another in distress? Only when you have been through the mill yourself can you really understand. Which is one reason why poor and hard-working people are always first to help.

"Hold for yourself the belief that each day that dawns is your last, the hour to which you do not look forward will be a pleasant surprise."

The philosopher almost indicates that he realises the value of making the very most of every moment of life, and not deferring pleasure or work to some unknown future time. And how often do we find that what we have looked forward to with dread turns out to be nothing like so bad as we expected . . . sometimes far better than we dared to hope!

"If you drive nature back with a pitchfork, she will soon find a way back." Live naturally, and behave in a natural manner.

We see so many victims of unnatural living, so many people who have defied nature and thought they had put over a fast one, only to find later that nature refused to be subjected to their will and in the end they themselves are flat out.

Burning the candles at both ends and in the middle is one excellent way of guaranteeing a come-back from nature . . . almost as sure a way, too, is the opposite one of suppressing all natural desires and calling it super-self-control.

And how about this one for a wind-up:—

"It is your own interest that is at stake when your next neighbour's wall is ablaze."

The greatest modern example of this is the fact of our country being in this war.

There are many much smaller instances, however. Where people live together and work together interdependently it is obvious that one person cannot remain disinterested in the part the other plays.

ALL TOGETHER.

In crews of submarines and bombers, particularly, it is vital that complete co-operation is maintained throughout, and that each member not only does his own job to perfection, but can also lend a hand to someone else in case of emergency.

So it is in ordinary life. The time-worn maxim "I'm all right and to Hell with you" doesn't get anyone very far.

Well, it does . . . It gets you as far from decent people as it is possible for them to get from you.

And these observations were written between 65-8 B.C.

A matter of two thousand years ago.

By a Greek poet and historian named Horace. Of course you've heard of him. Fairly makes you realise that we've learned precious little about how to tackle life's problems, doesn't it?

Rather a jolt for the know-alls . . . but a source of inspiration to the sensible chap—

Cheerio and Good Hunting.

— and Some "Love Apples"
for C.E.R.A. Wareham



YOU have dreams of some day Wareham. "But to compensating prize tomatoes, but safe for that we've certainly at present your wife, Winifred, got a bumper crop of onions. and your daughter, June, seem Father is giving the glasshouse to be making a pretty good job a coat of paint."

Mrs. Wareham and June want you to know that everything in the garden is lovely. North Africa."

"If the soil in the green-house had been changed the crop of tomatoes might have well at school. Hope teacher been a little better," says Mrs. thinks the same!

FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

all the benefits of combined labour.—J. S. Mill.

No matter whose the lips that would speak, they must be free and ungagged. The community which dares not protect its humblest and most-hated member in the free utterance of his opinion, no matter how false or hateful, is only a gang of slaves.—Wendell Phillips.

When you have convinced thinking men that it is right, and humane men that it is just, you will gain your cause. Men always lose half of what is gained by violence. What is gained by argument is gained forever.—Wendell Phillips.

God grants liberty only to those who live it, and are al-

ways ready to guard and defend it.—Daniel Webster.

Self-government is better than good government. — Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

Better a thousandfold abuse of free speech than denial of free speech. The abuse dies in a day, but the denial slays the life of the people and entombs the hope of the race.—Charles Bradlaugh, M.P.

Repression is not only the enemy of free government, but it is the breeder of revolutions. It is the enemy of progress and human happiness. And, above all, it is neither a test of error nor of truth.—Senator William E. Borah.

CALF LOVE



At this lovely farmstead in mid-Cheshire they have a very warm corner for all four-footed things, and the beauty and serenity which surround them are reflected in this picture of the confiding calf.

WE WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU

More sport? Fewer girls? Tell us what you like or don't like about "GOOD MORNING," and we'll see what can be done about it.

You're some of you a long way away, you know — so we can't just drop in and ask you.

SUNDAY FARE

C	H	I	E	O	U	K	G
S	O	E	R	F	O	R	E
C	O	R	M	R	I	E	S
S	T	M	N	H	I	T	E
D	E	R	E	W	I	N	D
P	O	M	S	R	A	R	T
H	E	N	F	L	S	L	L
M	U	M	B	R	O	E	H

Here's a new problem for you. These are the names of some English and Scottish counties. The letters are in the right columns but not in the right lines. Can you spot them?

4	4	4	4
4			4
5			4
3	5	4	4

Answer to last week's problem of the farmer and the tramp.

W. H. Millier tells you some things you never knew about LONDON TAXIS

FEW people realise how well the public is protected from taxi piracy. This particularly applies to London and a few of the larger provincial cities.

Let us consider the meter. This is a precision instrument. It contains over 2,000 parts, and is now considered to be fool-proof, and, what is more to the point, thief-proof.

SAFEGUARDING THE PUBLIC.

It is subjected to rigid tests at the works, and before it is permitted on the road the meter must be sent to the National Physical Laboratory. Here it is tested by experts of the Metropolitan Police. If it passes all tests (and the permissible margin of error is extremely fine), it is sealed with the N.P.L. stamp, the seal bearing the date.

That meter must not be on the road longer than one year. It goes back to the works for complete overhaul, and must be again tested and sealed by the N.P.L. If before the year is out it needs repair, back it must go to the N.P.L. for a fresh seal.

The driving gear is also sealed, and must be passed if any accident has necessitated repair. In any event, the whole outfit must be passed afresh before it is permitted on the road.

A taxi-driver can be called upon at any time by the police to drive over a measured mile to ensure that the meter is correctly registering.

Every morning a police official calls at the meter repair depot for a list of numbers of cabs taken in for readjustment. This is to check those that have been ordered off the streets. If any complaint is made concerning the accuracy of a meter, back it must go for another test.

WHEN THE CLOCK TAKES OVER.

The taximeter is a combination of mileage recorder and clock. So long as the cab is moving at a faster rate than walking pace, that is, four miles an hour, the mileage recorder is at work, but below

this funeral pace (the average rate of travel through the City of London in peace time) the clock takes charge.

In the early days of taxi-cabs it was possible for an ingenious manipulator to wangle a little something extra for himself by means of a hairpin, but this was soon discovered and rectified.

Even now you will still find drivers who preserve a very ancient tyre to keep on the road wheel which drives the meter pinion. The slightly smaller circumference may give them the benefit of something like .09 of a penny in the three pence, but if they work out the customers lost whilst changing a wheel through punctures you can bet they are out of pocket in the process.

In one rare instance a check spring became "soft" soon after the meter had passed its test. The knight of the road on whose cab it was mounted soon discovered that a sudden jolt would bang another three pence on the clock before it was due. "What riches will be mine," thought he. "This is the sort of cash register I've always been hoping to get."

"Roll on, my noble rattle-trap, and let us proceed to fill the poor-box."

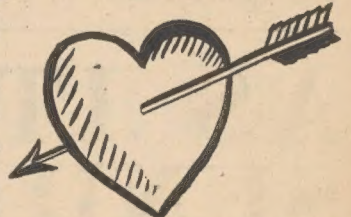
Our modern Dick Turpin used to astonish his passengers with his ready smile and the alacrity with which he would bang the door, bang in his gears, and bang in his clutch. Every bang meant another three pence in the kitty. He knew all the pot-holes from Victoria to King's Cross and never missed one. Three pence a time, four to the bob, what a joy ride!

Then came the day when a gentleman from the granite city sat in this cab with both eyes focussed on the clock. Down went the flag, one shilling was registered; bang went the door, one shilling and three pence appeared. The selector rod hadn't chosen its gear when the Scotsman shouted "Hi!" to a policeman, and that was the end of this Turpin's many rides to York Road.

3-minute Thriller

THE PHANTOM BOWMAN

By Nigel Morland



THE second case of murder in a film studio which came to Mrs. Pym looked literally beyond solution, at first. The victim was Perry Wilder, best-looking man in the country.

In the hush of the Plagner studios Mrs. Pym was shown how it all happened.

The part of the story in the process of filming when Wilder died called for the corner of a forest. It was a small space in the studio, not much larger than an ordinary room. The setting was of a number of closely spaced trees with heavy foliage, made of plaster and papier mache, with, in the centre, a narrow path.

To give indirect light diffusion, this corner had been turned into a sort of room by creating two side "walls" of tightly stretched butter muslin. This material was also placed across the top of the set and neatly sewn at the edges. The butter muslin "walls" and "ceiling" thus formed a triangle, the broad base of which was occupied by the camera-crew and the director.

The script called for Wilder to stand with his back to the cameras, facing the trees, from which a girl in a summer frock would emerge.

When Wilder was within his chalked stance, with the cameras turning, waiting for the girl, there had been a sudden swish and the famous actor had crashed over with, of all things, an arrow in his chest. He had died almost immediately of haemorrhage.

The real problem came when it was realised only Carrie O'Hara, the girl playing opposite Wilder, had been standing under the trees. She had been visible to three reliable witnesses at the side of the set; she had not fired the arrow,

quite apart from not having a bow or the means of hiding one.

Nobody could have left the scene except by coming towards the cameras, which had not happened, and the butter muslin acted as a thin but effective barrier against any intrusion from behind the forest set.

Mrs. Pym went over the muslin walls and ceiling with infinite care, to find the material untouched and intact. It could not be lifted from the floor, to which it was tacked, nor could it be moved aside.

The trees were only painted imitations and would not have borne the weight of any lurking killer. The only clue was a length of white cotton; it was not promising, for white cotton had been used to stitch the edges of the muslin together.

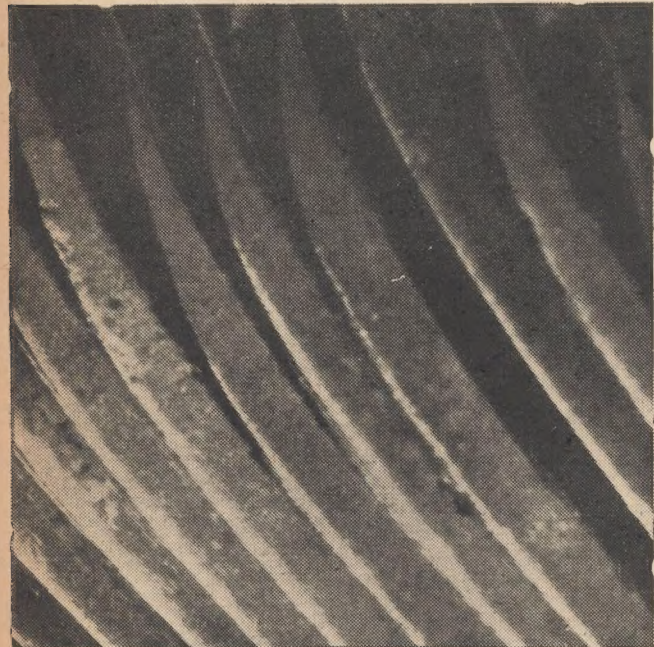
Nothing was found from which an arrow could be fired. The only seemingly helpful remark was made by the director: "Providing the bowman was under the trees, he'd know where to aim. Wilder's position is chalked on the floor—which is done for the cameras—and it's been rehearsed several times."

Mrs. Pym went away and brooded on it the whole of one night. She came back the next morning with the answer.

(Solution on Page 3)

WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle. Last week's was a wrist watch



Did you know WHAT THE MOON CAN DO? asks Ronald Garth

IT'S queer—about the moon! At full moon, scientists say, people are most likely to walk in their sleep, to lose their sanity, or (in summer) to allow moths to creep into their most expensive clothes.

Astronomers in Asia, co-operating by radio with star-gazers in the observatories of France and Germany, discovered not long before the war that the moon is playing catapult with the world.

When the moon is full, whole continents are stretched as much as sixty feet. Then they snap back again, and are stretched for sixty feet in the other direction.

Making elaborate calculations based on the varying time-lag in the reception of time signals, the astronomers found that the gravitational force of the moon is keeping the world's continents on the jump.

Experts of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries have proved that the best catches of herring may always be expected at full moon.

One lunar expert, the eminent Dr. Lebran, has collected statistics to show that the largest number of births occur when the moon is near the horizon. The moon has long been known to influence tides. Gardeners, too, should study its appearances, for plants, some say, grow by moonlight.

IS IT MOONSHINE?

If the moon can tug the tides and bounce continents, why should it not also play with the tides of human emotions?

Lunatics have long been popularly supposed to be more maniacal when lunar influences are strongest. A group of London psychiatrists are at present collating information to shed light on the problem. In some mental hospitals

the staff is not allowed out on leave when the moon is full. There are patients who are normal for twenty-four days of the month, but when the moon is brightest they become destructive.

What can all this mean? It means there is a rhythm in human emotions. Even the happiest people have their days of ill-temper for no apparent physical reason. Is it possible that the moon can be responsible for normal human conduct? One theory is that the reflected light of the moon—or moon-rays piercing through solid walls with some unseen but potent power—can stimulate the emotional tides of a rational person for better or worse.

TRACING THE INFLUENCE.

A group of New York investigators, working under the Rockefeller Foundation, have been attempting to establish or otherwise this theory. They have met with astonishing results.

Over a period of three months they kept watch over a group of people of different types.

He is oft the wisest man who is not wise at all.
Wordsworth.

Hope against hope, and ask till you receive.
James Montgomery (1771-1854)

The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?
Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834)

They took blood tests, glandular tests, studied the respiration and pulse rates, inquired closely into behaviour, and finally set themselves to study one "subject" while he spent two months in a glass room.

Although the subject did not know when the moon would be full, and spent most of the day reading placidly, he became curiously restless and discontented on both occasions of full moon.

Another individual whom the scientists studied was a State prisoner. At the periods of full moon an instrument which recorded the amount of movement and human warmth within his cell approached the maximum.

Stranger still was the medical report. Without making any sweeping assertions, it was stated that at times, when the light of the moon was most powerful, there were glandular changes in every one of the persons studied.

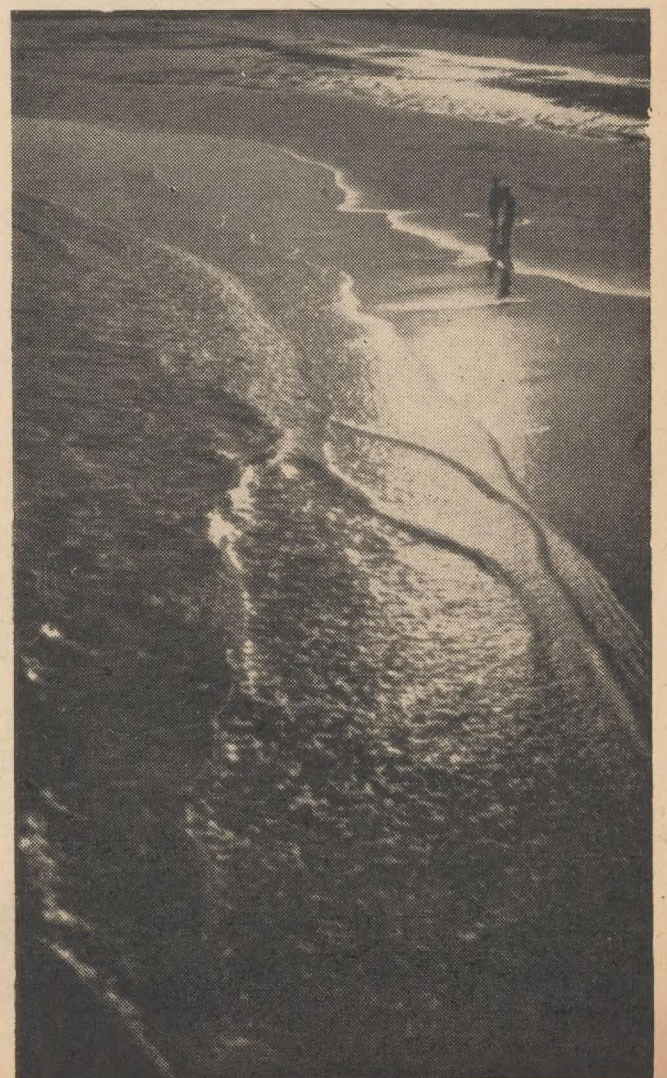
Some doctors have believed that somnambulism is most prevalent at times when the moon is full.

Woodmen have long asserted that timber lasts best when cut at the death of the moon, as if the full moon had the effect of enervating the sap.

A former professor of physics at Wellington University, South Africa, has taken the riddle a stage farther by revealing that the brightest light of the moon has an effect on plants. It stimulates those organs which digest the food extracted from the soil.

The moon, he argues, must therefore have an effect on the growth of young seedlings, and must also affect the sap content of young trees. So why not on human beings? What is its effect upon you?

MOONLIGHT SCENE



BUCK RYAN



POTTINGER'S RADIO HAD A FEW

By F. W. THOMAS

AMONG the many interesting subjects to be discussed at the next British Association talk-feast is "The Influence of Lunar Tides on the Germination of the Runner Bean" (Beanii Vamoosi, I shouldn't wonder.

Now, with all due respect for their long white beards and bulging brows, may I suggest that there are things of much more vital interest to the human race than the sex life of a vegetable; many mysteries to which they might more profitably turn their tremendous brains.

Flies, for instance, and Where They Spend the Winter Solstice; Why Hens don't Lay when Eggs are Dear; Why Girls go all Gay under the Influence of one coloured Balloon and a Squeaker; Why Horses get out of Bed Front Legs First, and Cows Don't.

But most exciting of all is the Mystery of Pottinger's Radio.

Pottinger is a chartered accountant, highly respectable, no-hawkers-no-circulars, tradesmen's entrance, etc., and wears spats on Sundays. He has a nephew named Theobald, also an expert on figures. You know the sort of thing: any to come, all on Paperweight; two home and one away; six to four the field, and so on.

PARTY BEGINS.

Not long ago Theobald became twenty-one, and Pottinger threw a party in honour of the event. To this came all the local youth and beauty, and there were large sounds of ribaldry by night. Beer flowed like water, and tasted that way, too.

Somewhen in the smaller hours, when the gathering was getting slightly damp, one cantankerous youth objected to the dance music that the radio was squirting about the room. Said it wanted pep, and vim, and go. Also a kick in the pants.

Jolly old raddio wansa jink (he said). Jolly ole raddio not doing stuff. Wansa jolly ole jink—hiccup—sorry and all that. Whereupon he poured a large Pink Gin into the works, and then fell asleep in the aspidistra.

Nothing much happened except a slight gurg in the middle of a vocal refrain; so another blithe youth tried to help things out by adding a glass of nourishing stout to the Pink Gin. The result of this mixing the radio's drinks was astonishing.

According to Pottinger, all the time pips for the past fortnight immediately time-pipped, and then a sort of inebriated news bulletin began to dribble through the loud-speaker.

There can be no doubt that what the announcer spoke into the mike was all in perfect order; but the stuff that came out at Pottinger's end was simply dreadful.

NEWS BULLETIN.

"I say, you blokes, there's a lousy old depression in mid-Atlantic, and a couple more over the Azores. So take your umbrella with you, John, John, John, and we'll all go riding on a rainbow to a HOOP-SE, sorry, far away.

"Well, blokes, this station is now closing HOOP, this station is now closing HOOP, this station is now closing HOOP. Bung ho, troops, and if you forget where you live, ring Whitehall, One, two, buckle my shoe, three, four, knock at the door. S'long, and HOOP-SE, sorry."

PARTY ENDS.

Pottinger's own explanation of this remarkable phenomenon is worth placing on record. He suggests that the alcoholic waves, impinging on the etheric vibrations, must have affected the equilibrium of the announcer's aura, thus conveying to his semi-conscious cerebrum a suggestion of auto-intoxication due to the involuntary pulsations of the anode not synchronising with the square of the Heavyside Layer.

On the other hand, Pottinger may have had a couple himself.

Solution to 3-minute Thriller

It proved to be right. The murderer had selected two branches of trees at right angles to Wilder's chalked position. On the branch nearest to him a length of strong spiral-wiring had been securely fastened at each end and painted the colour of the tree. This had been drawn back to the second branch, like fingers would draw back a bow-string, and held in tensed position with a strong pin. The arrow had been rested across both branches, its notch set against the wire and carefully aimed.

To the pin, a length of white thread had been attached, this being taken tautly through one of the fine holes in the butter muslin. On the other side stood the murderer, unseen, holding the cotton.

The moment Wilder was in position the pin had been jerked out, the arrow firing accurately. The wiring had returned to fit against the tree limb, the thread and pin falling to the ground—the perfect example of a phantom bowman.

The murderer had been found soon after that, a head carpenter with a distorted religious streak and a hatred for Wilder, into whose hands his daughter had fallen, to her own disadvantage, but, as Mrs. Pym always said, "Solving the crime's my job, not working out motives—that's court business."

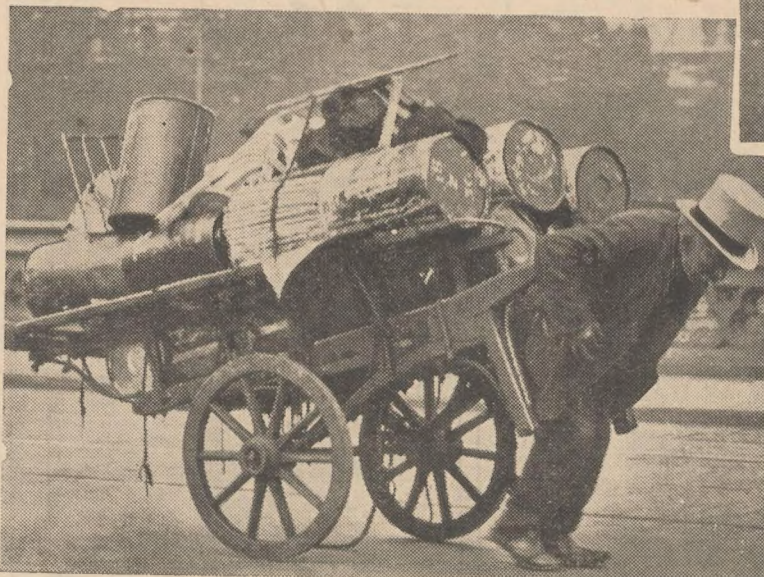
All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

OUR CRAZY VILLAGE

WELL — some folk seem to think it's crazy, though what's wrong with it, I'd like to know. We ain't got all they new-fangled gadgets like they got at Little Mumble, t'other end of the county. Why, they got a gurt machine thing there that ploughs the land without 'osses! We may be behind times, but we're none the worse for that. And we got a air-raid sirene, as you'll see. Which is more than they got at Little Mumble, in spite of all their airs.

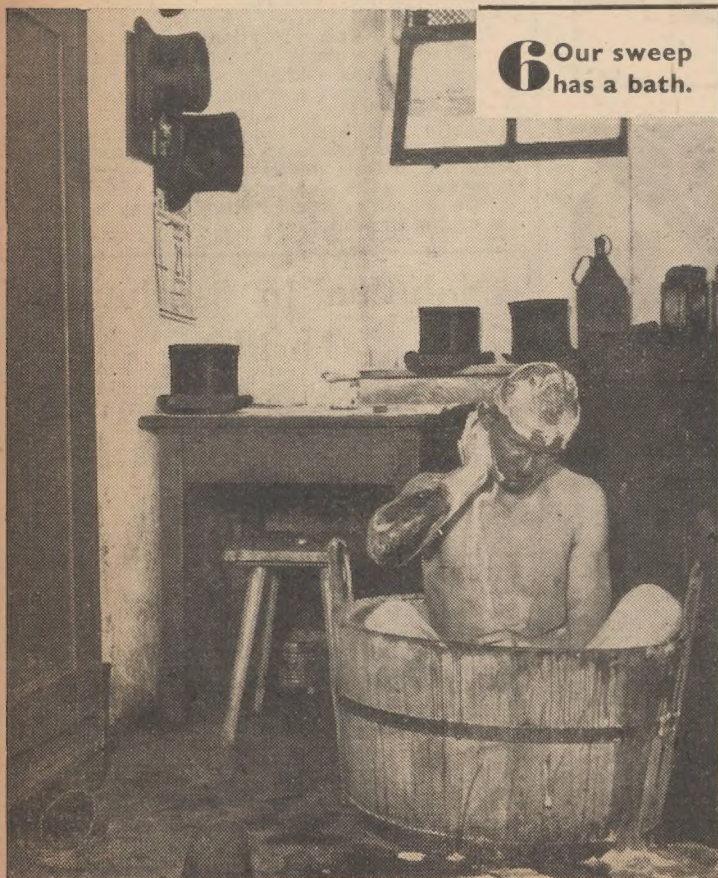


2 I said we got a sirene. Here it is. We ain't had no raid warnings yet, but Ted Stranglefeather gives her a blow now and then to keep her aired.



4 Our salvage drive was a gurt success. We got enough old cans and rusty bedsteads together to make 57 bullets or half the flywheel of a tank or the third nut from the front on a Lancaster bomber. Someone gave Bill a top-hat, but he didn't put that in the salvage bag.

6 Our sweep has a bath.



7 Jack, our telegraph boy, ain't so young as he was, but he gets there in time. And he won't let a telegram go without a signature.



5 We had a wunnerful time at Vicar's party. Vicar said, "Every man shall have what he wants." And he was as good as his word. The empties made a tidy stack, as you see.



3 We ain't got a wireless set in the village, but Old George comes round in the evening to tell us all the news.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"What the Hell are the cats like?"

